The Liberalist

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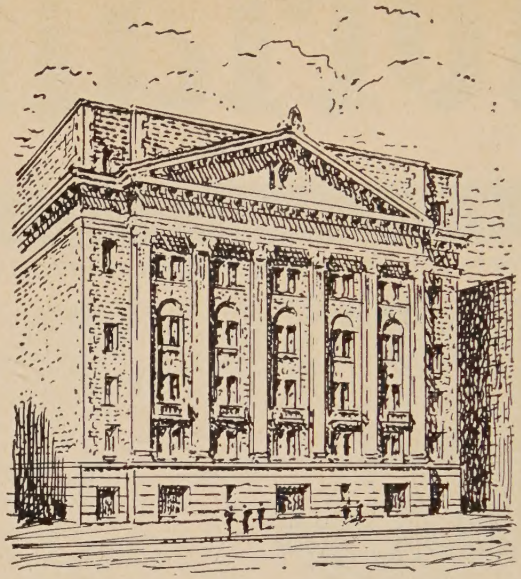
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"Christ of the Andes," Christ of Everywhere,
Great Lover of the hills, the open air,
And patient Lover of impatient men
Who blindly strive and sin and strive again.
Thou Living Word, larger than any creed,
Thou Love Divine, uttered in human need—
Oh, teach the world, warring and wandering still,
The way of Peace, the footpath of Good Will.
(From "Christ of the Andes")

Henry van Dyke



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925 Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WITH this number of The Liberalist we begin the 30th year of our publication. With last month's number we finished 29 continuous years without missing a single month. I shall never forget the feeling in my heart when Volume I Number 1 came to my Study desk. Mother, Jimmie and I sat down and went through it very carefully. It was the first publication the church had ever attempted. We had great dreams for its future, some of which have materialized and others, alas, still remain dreams. I have a complete file of The Liberalist in my Study and another complete file is kept in the church office. We do this as a protection against their being lost or destroyed.

Frequently I will pick up a number, 10, 15, 20 or 25 years old, and it will bring back to me experiences and affairs of the church, the coming and going of our friends and members and loved ones. Vital statistics of marriages, births and christenings are also eloquent of the passing years. Every marriage, every wedding, every funeral and every chistening is recorded.

The other day I had a wedding in the Study and the young bride said to me, "Dr. Bradley, you married my father and mother." I asked her for the date and she gave it to me. I stepped to my library shelf, picked up a copy of the bound Liberalist of that year, turned to the month and showed her the record of the marriage of her father and mother. Our Liberalist will be the most authoritative source of information of the life of the church during the years of its publication. I frequently refer to it for finding dates of certain events which have happened. As I look back over the pages and glance at the titles of the sermons I have preached, the books I have reviewed, the editorials I have written, I see more clearly how our church and its pulpit have reflected each era of life as we have lived through it. Many changes have come to the church, to myself and to our world during these years.

The Liberalist goes into most of our States, several European countries, Japan and the Philippine Islands. A recent subscription came in from Capetown, South Africa. In a church as large as ours and in a city like Chicago, there is a constant fluctuation of members and friends. People come, people go; they move out of the city and pass away, but we have some subscribers who started with the first issue and will receive this number, the first number of our 30th year.

Our little magazine is unpretentious, it makes no effort for literary distinction, the sermons we publish are stenographically reported; the articles are written sometimes under great pressure for time, but we try to make each number one which will encourage, inspire and help the people. A great deal of work, time and devotion have gone into it during the years. It is at times an arduous task to get it ready for the press, and all the work on the magazine itself is done in my Study. The addressing of the envelopes and the mailing is all taken care of most effectively in the church office.

The printed word is still the most powerful medium for the conveying of ideas and certainly the most permanent. Speeches fade into thin air and are forgotten. Television and radio pro-

grams come and go, but when once they have been crystalized into printed words, they have found a medium of permanency. Their survival value depends upon what they have to say and how important the subject matter is.

It was always a hope of mine, hidden way in the recesses of my dreams that some day I would be able to become an editor. I learned to set type in a little printing office where a country weekly of about 600 circulation was published. I was only twelve years old when I started to set type. I had to put a box on a high stool in order to get me up where the type would be accessible. I learned to set type and worked much of the time while I was in high school in the printing office of the Linden Leader at Linden, Michigan, a paper founded by a friend of mine, William H. Peak. It is still being published and I read it every week of my life. So you see early I became accustomed to the delightful odor of printer's ink and it has never left my nostrils; and when thirty years ago we started The Liberalist I thought "Well, at last I am going to be an editor!"

One of the most interesting evenings of my life was when, some years ago, I returned to my home village of Linden, and at the conclusion of a commencement address which I had given to the graduating class of the high school from which I was graduated, Mr. McMullin, then editor of our village paper, presented me with my old rule in which I had set my first type. It is one of my valuable pieces today, and links me with the happy period of my high school days. Perhaps only printers would appreciate how much being a printer means and how, if you acquire early a love for the printing trade, it never leaves you. It has been more than forty years since I set a stick of type, but I can go into any printing office today, pick up a rule and set type. The location of the letters in both the upper and lower case never left me. It is comparable to learning to use the typewriter. You become so familiar with where a letter is that you never have to look for it. Your finger goes automatically to it. So it is with setting type.

I suppose my early training in printing inspired much of the appreciation which I have for fine printing today, and likewise created within me a love for a beautiful book.

There is a most interesting magazine published in America, which probably most of my readers have never heard of, called "Printer's Ink," and anyone who has ever stained their hands with printer's ink never misses a copy of it. There is also an expression you have probably heard—the "printer's devil." Well, I was a printer's devil and there are some people who think I still am one. And did you ever hear of "printer's lice?" I don't think I can describe it to you sufficiently in detail to bring you the full appreciation of it, but on the marble slab on which the forms are made up, and after the type is set and placed in the forms, later to be locked and placed on the press to be printed, there are frequently wide gaps. When a stranger or one who isn't familiar with the printing trade comes into the composing room and is looking about, you say to him, "Have you ever seen any printer's lice?" And if he says no, you say "Well, I would like to show you some." There is always a sponge nearby and as they lean over to look in the empty space for the printer's lice, you push the type together and the water squirted in their face does the rest.

I am convinced—and this is based on experience—that what I learned in a printing office about punctuation and spelling and geography was more valuable to me than what I retained from

the same subjects taught in school.

Of course the old time print shop is pretty much a thing of the past. In our print shop at home we had an old Washington hand press, which required four operations by hand to print one side of a newspaper. It was long before the days of power and the cylinder press and all the other great advancements which have been made in machinery for the printing art; but they were very wonderful days to me.

One of our editors, I recall, Mr. Dwight G. Blackmer, was a typical small-town editor, interested in literature, human nature, a very philosophical type of man, who took a great interest in me, and I used to set type for him. His wife shared with him in the responsibility of the paper. He was an ardent fisherman and a fine man. It was he who introduced me to one of America's most unique philosophers—Elbert Hubbard. Mr. Hubbard was then editing and publishing "The Philistine," the first of the pocket-size magazines to be printed in this country. He originated the size and format which has been developed so successfully by magazines of the Reader's Digest type. Elbert Hubbard wrote all the material for "The Philistine" himself.

Anniversary occasions are always nostalgic. Perhaps that is the reason I have rambled along as I have in our first number for our 30th year. I hope the little magazine will continue to be helpful. I hope it will always bring you words of inspiration and encouragement. You have been most generous in your praise and sparing in your criticism. And now, for The Liberalist, it's —A Happy New Year!

* * *

The other evening I was speaking at the Men's Club Banquet at 6:00 o'clock and at a Lenten Service at 8:00 in the First Methodist Church of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. During the dinner a telephone call came to me from Palmyra, Wisconsin. On answering it I heard the voice of one of my oldest and most faithful radio listeners, Mr. Christie Carlin. Mr. Carlin is 94 years old and the youngest man for his age I have ever known. He said to me: "On your way to Milwaukee tonight you can go right through Palmyra; and I have a present I would like to hand you personally." I said, "Mr. Carlin, it will be quite late when I go through Palmyra." He said "It doesn't matter; I'm an old batch; I live in my own house and I will stay up until you come." "Well," I said, "We will stop." And we did.

It was after 11 o'clock when we arrived in the fine little town of Palmyra. He had told me I would have no trouble in finding him, because he lived in a big house on the main street and "everybody knows me," he said. Well, when we got to the main street, we didn't want to drive too far without knowing where we were going, so a man came out of an ice cream parlor at that late hour, and I said to him, "Do you know where Mr. Christie Carlin lives?" and he said "Right up the next block, on the left-hand side, you will find his house." We continued on for a minute or two and there was his home, with the light shining brightly on the porch, and the curtains raised and the light pouring out from the windows.

I walked up to the porch, knocked on the door and, coming to greet me with a smiling face, dressed in a red flannel shirt with a fancy tie and tweed slacks, was my friend. He seemed to be overjoyed. He has been listening ever since I have been broadcasting, and the broadcast is now in its thirtieth year. The house we were in was a house he built more than fifty years ago. He was born at North Prairie and came to

Palmyra a young man, working hard and finally establishing a bank and becoming one of the great community supporters of the growing village. He is loved and esteemed by all.

His house was furnished as few houses are these days. I don't think there was anything in his house that wasn't fifty years old and older. Old furniture, but kept well. Old china, old paintings. Old silver, old pewter, and all of it authentic and eloquent of other days. Here he lives with his memories.

Attracted as I am by antiques of every kind, the thing I always look at first when I go into a home is the book case. The titles of the books which I find in homes tells me more about the people in the home than any other thing. Tell me the kind of books you like and enjoy and I will give you a startlingly accurate appraisal of yourself. I have rarely seen a finer library anywhere. It was not very large numerically, but I spent some time going over his collection of books and there wasn't a single shoddy or ephemeral volume in his library. Quite the contrary: they were all great literature, as well as many of the better modern books. I noticed several books which I have spoken about on the air.

His mind was as sharp and keen as any I have ever known. Up until this time I hadn't known what it was he wanted to give me, when all at once he brought out a large pewter platter of the 15th Century, and with all of the aplomb of the true gentleman, with a few gracious sentences, he put the platter in my hands, and I held it as he told me its history. I accepted it, fully aware of how much it meant to him, for he told me his grandfather brought it from England many years ago.

It was then after midnight and I felt we were keeping an old gentleman from his rest. He apparently didn't feel like that at all, because he was urging us to stay, thinking constantly of something else he wanted to show us, and I think wholly unaware of the hour. As he stood in the doorway, waving a goodnight to me as I went out in the dark to the car, I thought how beautiful it is to have been privileged to live a life in which one has met every responsibility, has worked in his community and has deepened and enriched his life with good literature, good friends, high thoughts and great devotion.

I am having experiences like this all the time as I go up and down, meeting radio friends everywhere.

* * *

My space is gone. Next month I shall tell you of some more experiences, for I shall have been in New Orleans, Maryland and Washington, D.C.

The Conqueror

He was born in a manger in Bethlehem,
There was no room elsewhere,
Yet the homes of earth may be glorified
By His gracious presence there.
He built no temple with stately walls,
But the world has many today
Where weary men adore His name
As they bow their hearts to pray.

He wrote no book, though His words of truth
Pervade the tongues of men;
He left no riches, but in His name
The wealth of His friends is given.
He founded no kingdom, made no laws,
Yet the world will learn one day
That only those nations can endure
Which follow His matchless Way.

Florence Emeline Wright

Easter Sunday In The People's Church

HEAR DR. BRADLEY

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"In the Morning"
New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children

11:00 a.m.—"Victory"

7:00 p.m.—"My Belief in Immortality Grows Stronger"
Closing Sunday Evening Service for the Season

HOLY WEEK — MARCH 30 to APRIL 3

Loop Services, Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St.
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40

THEME: *"A Faith For Today"*
Monday—"The Meaning of Faith"
Tuesday—"Have You Lost Your Faith?"
Wednesday—"The Many Uses of Faith"
Thursday—"Faith in Your Friends"
Friday—"Faith in a Cross"

Church Services, Peoples Church, Lawrence at Sheridan
Every Night—8:00 o'clock

THEME: *"Jesus in the Life of Today"*
Monday—"If Jesus Were Preaching Today"
Tuesday—"If Jesus Were Teaching Today"
Wednesday—"If Jesus Were Working Today"
Thursday—"If Jesus Were Hungry Today"
Friday—"If Jesus Were Crucified Today"
Sunday Morning Services Broadcast—WJJD 11 to 12:30

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT
at The Peoples Church
8:00 p.m.

"The Seven Last Words" by S. Mercadante will be sung by the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet under the direction of Prof. LeRoy Wetzel.

"WHAT ABOUT THE NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 1, 1953

TO MOST people in our tradition the Bible is a dear and a precious book. I know it is to most of you, probably, and I know it is to me. The reason I have chosen to speak this morning upon the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible is because, when I announced this subject for a recent Sunday evening address, many of our radio friends, particularly outside of the metropolitan area of Chicago, who cannot attend the service, wrote some very interesting contributions of their own personal opinions and expressed a desire to hear me speak on it. I have a great deal of respect for the opinions of people and I hope this morning to answer some of the opinions expressed to me in letters from radio listeners in regard to this Revised Standard Edition.

Most of us are familiar with what happened in certain areas when this edition was printed. In certain parts of the country this edition was burned by certain clergymen! And there have been many, many clergymen, who represent a certain theological position in Christianity, who have become very antagonistic to this Revised Standard Version and are making all sorts of accusations against it. Without any exception, the critics of this version are all in the field of extreme fundamental orthodoxy.

I do not know who any of the people are, in any of the forty related ecclesiastical groups and churches, who were responsible, in 1929, for the formation of the committee of scholars to go to work upon all available versions of the Bible and give us, in the light of the new knowledge which we have had in the field of archeology and in the field of scholarship down through the ages, a clearer understanding of the Bible; or who was responsible for the utilization of this committee of nearly forty of the finest scholars this country and the world has ever produced. They were not men who were swayed by any fundamental field of theology. They were not men who were interested in trying to establish the perpetuity of any particular religious group. They represented, I think, approximately forty different religions and ecclesiastical groups in this country.

They were all scholarly men and devoted men, and they were Christian men. They were men who were tremendously interested in presenting the truths of God in as unpolluted a manner as possible, uncontaminated by illiteracy and unembellished by ignorance. God has never been honored by ignorance or illiteracy. And a great many people who are critical, and a great many people who condemn this Revised Standard Edition are certainly individuals who are not competent by scholarship, background or by understanding, nor even by theology at its best, in any sense of the word, to criticize what they are criticizing. Many of their opinions are based entirely upon their theological doctrine, and these theological doctrines have been assembled by all sorts of motives and interpretations.

It is interesting to remember that

all the varieties of Christianity in the world—and there are many varieties —the Eastern Orthodox Church with its wide number of varieties: the Greek Church, the Russian Church, and all the other Eastern churches; the great Catholic tradition of the West, which has its greatest representation in Roman Catholicism, but which is by far not the only Catholicism of the West—straight through the whole history of Christianity all of these varieties and all of these various theological conceptions are all based upon the Bible, and each one of them will quote Scripture for their authority. There isn't a theological position that any church or any individual has ever occupied for which they cannot quote Scripture to justify their position.

Now obviously where you've got a great broken and twisted and almost a tortured interpretation of Christianity, the discriminating mind is very anxious, I think, to find out just as nearly as possible what is the actual truth about it. The open mind is never afraid of truth; the open mind never needs a crutch; the open mind is always the adventuresome mind and is always the mind ready to receive new truths. That type of mind, at this present era of our development of civilization, is very unpopular; for the present spirit of our present age is pretty largely a quest for security—a quest for something that we think is permanent. So there have been any number of conversions to both the Roman Catholic Church and to the Protestant Church. We have great voices with the opportunity of authenticity, like Bishop Fulton Sheen on one side, and the great voice of Billy Graham appealing to the multitudes all over the world upon the other. Only this morning I listened to a broadcast which violated every single principle of logic and which was historically unsound and which to me was pathetic. At the conclusion I heard the announcer say: "This program is carried on eight hundred radio stations in the world." Eight hundred! If you are an extremist, and if you want to reflect against the most dominant attribute of the present age, then, of course, you must become a dogmatist. You must reflect the certain spirit of the people of the age or the country. The people are seeking for something that they call security. They want it in religion. It doesn't matter what intellectual presentation is made of religion, if it only awakens within the human soul a sense of solidarity and a sense of foundation. That's what they want. And that's why you are seeing a great renaissance of mass response to religion. All of it, of course, is symptomatic; all of it indicates something very fundamental, and all of it, in a way, something very tragic.

I couldn't help but think of one other broadcast that costs $25,000 a single television appearance; and here I go, working along on my little one station broadcast and can hardly get enough to pay for this—and it only costs a thousand dollars a month! Now, I know, of course, I must place the blame on myself. I understand that. But what I also understand is that if I were to come out here with some sort of a new-fangled theory of theology, some hokus-pokus, or come out in some great moment when I could put my hand upon someone and heal them, it wouldn't be two weeks until you couldn't get into this church! The people would respond, as people are responding now as never before, to any atitude of religion that seems to have the answer to their problems.

That is why when we come to an event like that which took place last fall in the publication of this Revised Standard Version that it had some enemies. Immediately the theologians

attacked it. They attacked it because in the Chapter of Isaiah, which is used by a great many Biblical students to predicate a prophecy of Christ in the first century, instead of using the word "Virgin" they translated the word as "young woman." Immediately that started a furor of antagonism, not because it was not scholastically correct, because it is, but because, you see, it shook up the traditional, conventional, orthodox conception of most people. So they were opposed to it! People have never liked the truth. No one ever likes the truth. We don't even like to be told the truth about ourselves. I know I don't, if it is uncomplimentary. And there isn't anything that makes me more irritable than perhaps to have someone say to me something that I know is the truth about myself. I don't like it! And I don't know anybody who does.

Now the same thing is true about this matter of Christianity. When something comes along that shakes our conventional conception of religion a little bit, then immediately we react in opposition, and certainly you're deserted by the multitudes. Great thinking and individual intellectual courage is always in the minority. The crowd and the mob never accept without protest. And as long as it is possible for people to have this "crowd culture," which Mr. Cannon Bell tells us about in his book—and it's a great book; I've lectured on it twice—then I can understand why this book is being condemned so thoroughly.

This is the fifth translation of the Scriptures in the English tongue. A great many people seem to think that God walked down the ladder of the sky one day and said: "Now, I'm going to have somebody write a Bible, and when it's all through, I'm going to call it the Holy Bible; and here it is!" There are a lot of people that think the Bible grew by fiat of God.

The fact of the matter is that the Bible isn't a book at all—it's a library. It is a library of sixty-six individual books written by more than five hundred authors, known and unknown, and extending over a period of more than twelve hundred years. Twelve centuries! The Bible didn't spring automatically from the Will of God; the Bible is the outgrowth of man's spiritual culture. The Bible is not a scientific treatise and never is intended to be. It is almost prescientific! It knew nothing of the great scientific achievements of man, nor the great inventions of man! It makes no pretense, anywhere, of being a scientific authority—not one single sentence in it! Not one! And it wasn't until the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D. that there was even a pretense of a decision as to the manuscripts of the New Testament. Our Roman Catholic friends, as must be said in this matter, are historically right. The Church existed before the Bible! There was a church before there was a New Testament. That is sometimes a shocking statement to a great many Protestants; but if you will study your history and familiarize yourself with the facts, you will know that what I have just said is the truth. There was a church before there was a New Testament. Paul was a Jewish convert to Christ and the first man to take the message of Christ away from the Jews as such; for Jesus taught exclusively to the Jewish People. It was not until Paul wrote his letters that the preachings of Christ were brought to anyone except the Jews. It was Paul who took the message of Christ away from the Jews who had refused it in some particulars, and made it available to the Gentiles. And Paul had founded the Church of Galatia, the Church at Philippi, and the Church at Ephesus, and these churches were all

in existence before there was anything that represented the New Testament. And when Paul wrote his letters, he wrote them home. Read your First and Second Corinthians. To whom did he write the letters to the Corinthians? To the Church at Corinth. Read the Book of Ephesians in the New Testament. To whom was the Book of Ephesians written? To the Church of Ephesus. The church that was already in existence! To whom did he write at the Church of Thessalonica? The Thessalonians. Read the First and Second Thessalonians of the New Testament. And I can hear some of you say: "Well, I didn't know Dr. Bradley knew so much about the New Testament!" Well, I've been studying this for a quite a while. And Paul wrote to the Church in Thessalonica in First and Second Thessalonians. These New Testaments were printed about 40 A.D. and were all printed by hand. We must not forget that it wasn't until the Fifteenth Century that anybody had anything that approximated printing; until that time it was all printed by hand and told by word of mouth, until the Fifteenth Century. And it is interesting that the publication of the Revised Standard Version is coincidental with the Five Hundredth Anniversary of movable type by Gutenberg. Go and see the Gutenberg Bible. You have an opportunity to see it at the Art Institute; and stand in worship and admiration in front of it—it goes back five hundred years!

Stop and think that in 325 A.D. the bishops of the churches that were in existence at that time, got together and took all the available manuscripts they could find, and this group of bishops passed upon those manuscripts; and when they found a manuscript that they didn't think qualified, then it became a part of the Apocrypha. In the old Bibles, there were always the Apocrypha. And a lot of people never knew what the Apocrypha were. The Apocrypha were the manuscripts that the bishops in the Fourth Century refused to put into this book of the Bible. They wouldn't pass, so they were eliminated. First and Second Esdras; the history of Susanna, those are all in the Apocrypha. But the bishops didn't consider them sufficiently inspired to put them in the New Testament. And when these bishops were all through, then we had something that approximated the New Testament. Then you have to look down through the centuries at the changes that came; with Grecian culture and Grecian civilization; then the beginning of the Latin, which was younger than the Greek; then the coming of St. Jerome in the Fifth Century, who gave us the translation of the Vulgate, which is the Roman Catholic Bible. Interestingly enough, this very year the Roman Catholics are bringing out a new translation of it. Their new Bible! They're bringing out one too! I don't know what will happen to that, but there are a lot of people who can't stand this constant, increasing illumination of light to lighten these dark places.

Now there are two events that I think are the greatest reason and necessity for this Revised Standard Edition. Two events. First, something that happened in 1947. Down near the Dead Sea of Palestine, some Bedouin shepherds found an old jar buried under the earth, and that old jar revealed a manuscript, whereby, when that manuscript was given radio-active reaction, they could determine its approximate age. You don't have to worry about or doubt that. It is a scientific fact. Now they ascertained the age of the manuscripts found in that old jar, and it was 100 B.C. One hundred years before the birth of Christ! No other translation of the Bible had

that opportunity. At the time of King James, because of the row that was going on between the Puritans and the Court, the Church of England decided that the time was ripe for a new translation, and gave us the King James Version of the Bible, which is the Bible you and I have known and have loved, with its great, beautiful, resonant phrases that lend themselves to public and community worship as do no other phrases in religion that I know. But we have ability now to see what has happened scientifically and archæologically, and this manuscript found near the Dead Sea was a part of the Book of Isaiah, and that puts the Book of Isaiah today, one thousand years nearer the source of the manuscript than ever before in human history. Why should anyone want to run away from that? Or why should anyone want to keep their prejudices in the presence of that great fact?

And the second thing that I have time to mention was something similar. This happened in Egypt. A mummified alligator was found. The Egyptians, of course, mummified their own dead, and of course they mummified their own dead animals of which they were particularly fond. When the trappings used in the mummification of this alligator were opened, they found an old papyrus. And that old manuscript changed the whole picture, because the scholars had been thinking of the New Testament Greek as classic Greek, and they had been attempting, in the Greek translation, to recreate in modern understandable English, ancient classical Greek. And they ran into trouble with word after word and sentence after sentence. What did this reveal that was found? This papyrus was composed of letters, recipes and the ordinary bookkeeping of the people of the period. Someone had started evidently to burn a lot of old trash, but this much had been preserved in its entirety. And through it the discovery was made that the ancient Greeks of the period of Paul and Christ spoke a very modern idiomatic Greek and not classical Greek at all! That went out five hundred years before; and all this time the scholars had been thinking in terms of classical Greek! Now we're getting a Bible manuscript from these scholars in the light of a new understanding of the Greek itself, and it is illuminating passages for us that were obscured. I could give you illustration after illustration. There are more than six thousand of them where greater clarity has come. No effort is made at all to disturb anybody's theological loyalty; no effort at all to attack anyone's interpretation of the Bible, but just a presentation based on scholorship, archæological activity, discovery, invention, until we come at last to learn that this Book of Books, this Holy Bible, is but the record of man's quest for the eternal. From the far off moment in the Garden of Eden, and the great moment on a Cross, to the great dream of the new Jerusalem and the coming of Christ, straight through the whole centuries, is but the quest of the human soul to find the reality of the Divine. It is the history of man in his struggle, his vices, his sins, his murders, his vilifications, his idolatry! The Bible has it all! It is a textbook of man's struggle to find the eternal. And no wonder that when Sir Walter Scott was dying he turned to his servant in the room and said: "Bring me the Book, I want to read!" And the servant said: "Sir Walter, what book?" And Sir Walter Scott replied: "There is only *one* Book!" And seen in the light of intelligence, of scholarship, of history, of art, of beauty, of poetry, of drama, this Book is an eternal Book. And the more scholarship we can get —the better Book we will have!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

ARE you cracking up? Has something gone so wrong with your life that you have lost control of your own life? The little mishaps of life we can manage to take care of. It's the big things that put us to the test.

If something goes wrong with the plumbing in your house, you can have it repaired. It's when the house burns down that you are put to the test. Can you build it up again?

A mother kisses her little son goodbye as she sends him off to school with his little knapsack around his shoulders, to have him brought back in just a few moments a mangled, crushed little boy, with his hair matted together with blood. That mother's house fell about her, and she kept everything in that little boy's room just as it had been. For years she trod the way of madness. To her the little boy never grew up—the moment never changed—she cracked up with life.

It makes a difference whether we want to live in a dream house and cling unto that which has lost all meaning in life for us or whether we build the house up again.

More people are cracking up because they are tyrannized by the inevitable and are controlled by things which they can change and do not. You remember the prayer of Peter Marshall, the Chaplain of the Senate? "O, God, give us the patience to endure the things we cannot change and the courage to change the things we can change; and O, God, give us the wisdom to know the difference."

Do you remember the prophet Isaiah? He had just come through a great emergency and a great crisis with his people. We hear Isaiah thunder across the ages: "Widen the spaces for your tents! Spare not the canvas. Stretch it! Lengthen the tent ropes! Drive down the tent pegs!" There is something for you if you are cracking up.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

BOOK CHATS

WHENEVER a little book that I think will be helpful to someone comes to my desk, I try to pass it on to my readers. Just such a book was published in July of 1952, and in November of 1952 had its second printing. It was printed in St. Louis, by the Kimball Press. In this second printing, every single page has at least one illustration on it. Illustrations are by Harlan Tarbell and add much to the potency of the message on each page. On a front fly-leaf is this quotation from Albert Einstein:

"The years of searching in the dark for a truth that one feels, but cannot express; the intense desire and the alternations of confidence and misgiving, until one breaks through to clarity and understanding, are only known to him who has himself experienced them."

Mr. Edward L. Kramer, the author of *Pathways to Power,* is a successful businessman, president of a St. Louis manufacturing company. He is a teacher of psychology and a popular lecturer, having delivered 3,000 lectures to date. He is a very practical teacher, believes in simplicity of purpose and direct action, and makes things practical and livable by using "mind and heart and hand" working together for the love of life itself and the joy of doing things. His newspaper background on a metropolitan daily, and his syndicated articles on character analysis and physical and mental coordination strengthened his practical teaching.

Mr. Kramer is known as a lighting and air conditioning engineer and an architectural designer, is president of a very successful furniture corporation, and was the president of the Kramer Institute of America, and for years has taught his *Pathways to Power.*

His book is addressed to normal men and women who desire to improve their condition, increase their efficiency and achieve greater satisfaction and happiness in the business of living. He is the originator of the "Thank-U-Gram" idea.

The Washington, D.C. Star said of him, "Kramer is constantly looking for the good in people. And thousands of other people are profiting by his example."

He opens his little book by holding an imaginary conversation with the reader, in which he helps you find out what it is you really want: whether it is certain material things, or whether it is actually a feeling of security, a feeling of satisfaction, a feeling of belonging, a feeling of accomplishment, a feeling of fulfillment, a feeling of possession.

Mr. Kramer claims that the quotation is not "As a man thinketh, so is he," but rather, "As a man thinketh *in his heart,* so is he." "We like to think that we think," says Mr. Kramer, and "that we are creators. Egotistic intellectualism imagines itself to be the Cause. . . . We are moved by the patterns of the Inner-mind (or heart) and not by the intellect at all. . . . The intellect is but a tuning-in device like a radio. . . . It only produces the messages of the Inner-Mind." He suggests a listening-attitude.

He tells of the great John Burroughs, one of the all-time greats, who came from a family of nine brothers and sisters, not one of whom could hardly write a grammatical sentence. They had no interest in education, or books

and one of his sisters told John not to write so much—it was "bad for the head." His wife thought some of his essays were "funny."

Yet the world acclaimed John Burroughs. He learned to listen to the great values in the simple things. "The most precious things in life," he wrote, "are at hand without money and without price. Each of you had the whole wealth of the universe at your very doors. All that I ever had and still have, may be yours by stretching forth your hand and taking it." And he proved it by becoming the towering literary figure of his day. His method of listening to the Inner-Mind is reflected somewhat, in the one famous poem of his life, "Waiting."

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

In speaking of the process of education being a leading out rather than a process of putting in from without, the author cites one of the greatest intellectuals in history, George Bernard Shaw, who attended school for just five years; Henry Ford, whose formal education consisted of only a few years in a country schoolhouse; Al Smith, who spent less than seven years in school, yet went on to become four times Governor of New York and a candidate for the Presidency; Grandma Moses, who never took a lesson in painting, and many others.

You will enjoy "The Think Gadget," a poem quoted from Don Blanding, and the Chapter on "Giving Yourself Away."

Some of the chapters are Believing is Seeing—Anybody Can Do Anything—The Time of Your Life—Floating Power—Matter Over Mind—Be What You Want to Be—Mental Perspective—The Love of Your Life—Your Finish—Don't Take My Word For It—and Your Check-Chart.

Says Mr. Kramer, "The story is told of the joyous traveler who was met on the road by a weary, sad one. 'Why are you so bright and gay, my friend?' he inquired. 'I see nothing but shadows ahead.' 'I see no shadows,' answered the inspired one, 'for I face the Sun, and all the shadows are behind me.' Why not turn about and face the other way, and there will be no shadows for you.

"It is not the light that is missing. It is our position in relation to it that determines the lights and shadows in our experience. The Master defined the Inner-Mind as Light. Turn to that Light and then all the shadows will be behind you."

Pathways to Power is a little book to stimulate your thinking.

* * *

The Woman's Press has published a book which is being distributed by William Morrow and Company. The title, *The Lost and the Found,* a tender and deeply moving true story of two children who survived incredible hardships and of the man who helped them back to a normal world. Eva and Laszlo are now leading a happy and normal life in Ireland, through the miracles of love, after surviving the horrors of a concentration camp, the deaths of their parents, and long illness before finding a home.

The book is by Robert Collis. He is one of Europe's leading pediatricians, Director of Pediatrics to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin, Physician to the National Children's Hospital and a faculty member of Dublin University.

During the war he was on a committee in London considering the problems of civilian medical help which would arise after the invasion of Europe. This led him to Europe with a group of his Irish doctor friends and, eventually, to Belsen where he met Eva and Laszlo.

Dr. Collis and his wife have two sons of their own in addition to Eva and Laszlo, who are now healthy adolescents of 12 and 15. Dr. Collis, in addition to forty-odd medical papers, has published an autobiography, *The Silver Fleece,* and a number of plays. One of these, *Marrowbone Lane,* moved audiences to such an extent that they formed a foundation to support Dr. Collis' social work. This fund provided meals for some 500,000 poor sick children during the war and helped to build Fairy Hill Hospital, one of the most perfect of its kind.

Margaret Mead, in an introduction to the book, says that it is not about horror, but a book about strength and trust; about blessing. She calls it science turned into poetry; an amazing book, beautifully written. She says the way he tells his story is a solution to our problem, because it gives the readers, whether parents, social workers, child psychologists, or the sensitive of the world, a positive injunction. It says, "See what warmth and understanding can do to make a child able—even when it must face its mother's dying in its arms in a world of piled-up corpses—to meet love with love again in later life." Articulately and with fidelity, Dr. Collis traces the story of these two children from the Carpathian mountains, the warm, understanding family life from which they emerged, and how, after horrors he does not skimp but never dwells on a moment too long, the memories of these early years stood the children in such good stead that they were able to accept the love he and his family offered them.

This book should surely interest all who are interested in our younger generation, the next hope of the world.

* * *

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just published a beautifully written novel of South Africa, written by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, Chieftain of Basutoland. This book combines the talents of the two authors: Peter Lanham, an Englishman, who has spent twenty-seven years in and around Johannesburg, and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, a South African chieftain and a descendant of the great Basuto Chief Moshoeshoes. Lanham, basing his novel on an original story submitted to him by Mopeli-Paulus, has managed to preserve the native idiom, at the same time expanding the story into a full-length, panoramic picture of the South African's plight today, in which the native is subject to the laws of two rival systems—tribal law and custom as upheld by the chiefs and witch doctors, and the government imposed by the white man.

Lanham has become known to millions in the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias, as Senior Announcer and Producer in the South African Broadcasting Corporation from 1926 to 1946. He is now retired and lives on the south coast of Natal with his wife and five children.

Mopeli-Paulus, born in the Union of South Africa, received his education at Edendale College in Natal and Witwatersrand University, in Johannesburg. During World War II he served with the Cape Corps on active duty in East Africa and Egypt. Already the author of several books in the Sesuto language, his best-known work is a long poem on the sinking of the troopship Mendi during World War I, when six hundred Africans were drowned en route to France. Mopeli-Paulus now lives in Johannesburg,

where he is employed in a law office.

The name of the novel is *Blanket Boy*. It is the first South African novel resulting from collaboration between a European and a native which has been published in the United States.

Most of my reading must consist of the books which I review on Wednesday evenings at the regular Book Reviews and other current reading in connection with my work. What novels I read must wait for the summer vacation. I happened to open the book, *Blanket Boy,* at page 285 and was not able to put it down until the last page, 306. There was such beauty in the phraseology, I was reminded of the rhythmic phrases of Biblical passages.

The publishers, in speaking of the book, tell us that in this distinguished South African novel, for the first time a native chieftain speaks for his people. With dignity and authenticity Mopeli-Paulus, a ruler of Basutoland, tells the story of Monare, the tribesman, caught between age-old superstition and the tenets of Western civilization.

Monare's story ranges from the plains and mountains of a native village to the City of Gold, Johannesburg, where, all too soon, the black man learns the white man's foreign ways. It follows him, a hunted man, as he flees to Durban, the seaport City of Sugar, and through the forests of Zululand and Swaziland to Mozambique. As Monare fights to free his spirit from the guilt of tribal murder, the conflicting forces of the Morati, native Christian ministers who battle primitive belief, and the Muslems, who offer yet another method of salvation, clash against the fury of bloody race riots and savage ritual.

Monare's struggle to reconcile the black man's heritage with the white man's justice, and the courage with which he meets his final destiny vividly portray the native point of view. Excitingly realistic, *Blanket Boy* is both a powerful poetic narrative of the growth of a human soul, and a penetrating study of a complex troubled land.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IN OUR January Liberalist we mentioned in the Mail Bag about the Welfare Depot of the Uptown Lions Club, at 1464 W. Montrose Avenue, and of the fine work Mr. A. S. Adams is doing in operating the Welfare Department for the Lions Club. We suggested that perhaps you had some clothing that might be sent to this depot.

Two days ago Dr. Bradley received a copy of a letter which had been sent to Mr. Adams from the Consul General of the Netherlands. I know you will

be happy to read it:
Mr. A. S. Adams,
Welfare Officer, Uptown-Chicago
Lions Club,
Chicago, Illinois
Dear Sir:

I thank you very much indeed for your letter of March 5, 1953, informing me that the Uptown-Chicago Lions Club, in conjunction with Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church in Chicago, collected clothing approximating $1,000 and sent it to Mr. Arend Adams, Boornbegan, Friesland, The Netherlands, for distribution to the needy of the community.

May I extend to you not only the grateful appreciation of the people of The Netherlands, but also my personal thanks. The sympathetic response to the needs of the people of my country at this time is indeed heart-warming.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. J. B. V. M. J. van de Mortel
Consul General of The Netherlands

There were overcoats, suits, underwear, shoes, for men, women and children. All of this clothing was cleaned and sent in good condition to the flooded part of Holland where the dikes broke. Fully half of this shipment, Mr. Adams informs us, was clothing contributed by members of the Peoples Church. Mr. Morris Kinsler, President of the Uptown-Chicago Lions Club, Roy Keating, Director General of Lions International, and James Snyder, the District Governor, have all been informed of this shipment and of our co-operation with their Welfare Depot in this work.

There is always an added joy in a co-operative effort. Time and expense was saved through the contributions of two groups being handled in one shipment, and we are grateful to Mr. Adams and the Lions Club for this opportunity. Dr. Bradley is an Honorary member of the Uptown-Chicago Lions Club and each year they hold a Dr. Preston Bradley Day Luncheon.

Many requests for various kinds of help have come into the Lions Welfare Depot because of people seeing our article. To everyone we have sent there, help has been given.

Now there is a chance for some reader of these lines to do an additional service. We received a letter from an arthritic patient who needed a hospital bed. The letter was turned over to Mr. Adams. The bed was furnished as were other needed supplies, as well as the services of a doctor who is still working with this patient. Because the patient cannot leave his bed, the doctor has asked if we cannot get for him a table model television set, that his mind may be taken off his suffering while he lies there. The doctor feels this will aid in the recovery of the patient, who is being treated and is showing some improvement.

* * *

Those who were so fortunate as to attend the Gene Chloupek "Crazy-Quilt Symphonutics" had the great privilege of seeing what one of the members of the Uptown Boys' Club called a "fabulous" assortment of miniature musical instruments made especially for Gene and brought from various parts of the world. Gene is a master showman himself, weaves little jingles about his music into the show, as he plays one tune after another on this "fabulous" assortment.

Last year this hobbyist showman (for these shows are his hobby in life) gave 55 shows throughout the country to hospitals, institutions for the blind and various organizations. He has trick props rigged up to amuse the little folks, such as a "lonely little petunia in an onion patch" that really cries watery tears. The oldsters love his

show just as much as the youngsters, so a mixed audience works out perfectly all right. In fact, it was the oldsters who swarmed around those curious little musical instruments afterward. The tiny twin concertinas from England were much admired, and the beautiful harp that rested on top of the piano would have been the envy of any harpist.

It was a very happy evening. The Sunday School folks enjoyed it and Karen Swanson of the Church School played on the 100-year-old organ with the hand-worked bellows (such as the circuit-riding preachers used to carry with them as they rode on horseback from village to village). The members of the Uptown Boys' Club, accompanied by their director, Mr. Chris Larson, also not only enjoyed the show, but contributed to it by taking part in one of the acts; and one of their members, whose name we failed to get, played the small pipe organ for us at the close of the show. We certainly feel grateful to Gene Chloupek for bringing his sparkling, friendly personality to The Peoples Church, and for all the trouble and effort of bringing his unique, interesting and colorful exhibit to us. Very few people we know of would put so much ingenuity, patience, effort and geniality into a hobby to amuse and entertain other folks.

* * *

The evening of April 12th, the Sunday after Easter, our church is to have the privilege of witnessing the Ritual of the Mystic Star, a very beautiful and picturesque presentation. It will be given in Anderson Hall at the usual hour of our evening service.

The Ritual of the Mystic Star is a very beautiful and colorful ceremony which demonstrates the unity in all religions. The setting and costumes, the words of the greatest teachers of religion, the music, all are contributing factors in demonstrating the ideals of religious tolerance and brotherhood. Parents have found that children respond sincerely to the idealism depicted in the ceremony, although it is primarily a ceremony for adults.

For the performance the audience will sit in chairs that face the center as in little theatres presenting plays in the round. What the audience will see is a circle of twelve seats and pedestals about a central altar. The participants are seated in the circle. Part of the ceremony includes the lighting of candles for each of the great religions which are placed on the altar.

"The Ritual of the Star" was prepared by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, of Madras, India. He has written in explanation of the ritual that its principal idea is in the phrase, "the mystic star," which symbolizes the Divine; it is not only the Supreme Reality but also the innermost soul of man. There is, therefore, always a unity between man in his highest nature and the Mystic Star.

The symbol of the mystic star used in the ritual is a five-pointed star, each point of which represents an aspect of the Divine. The participants represent these aspects and certain professions which reflect these attributes. Every righteous occupation of man, not merely those chosen for the ceremony, can be an avenue of God.

The idea is brought out during the course of the ceremony that a man dedicating himself to his work in a spirit of idealism, creates thereby a path from his work in life to his highest ideal.

A group from Wheaton, Illinois, are coming in to Chicago to present this Ritual of the Mystic Star, and we are very grateful to them for the work they are doing in bringing all the equipment and properties necessary to

properly present the Ritual. We hope to bring them a very full house at Anderson Hall on the evening of April 12th.

This foreword to the Mail Bag in our Anniversary number of the Liberalist has been given over to various announcements which we thought would be of interest to our readers, and this seemed as good a place as any in which to place them. Now, to our letters:

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was in attendance at last Sunday's evening service, at which time your subject related to rent controls. In your discussion, you cited your first home, thirty-eight years ago, at the southwest corner of Lakeside and Clarendon Avenues; and the feeling of pride you felt when the owner, John Erikson, presented the key to your first apartment and home.

Being cognizant of your progressive achievements over that long period of time, I was deeply moved and humbly proud to know that your first landlord had so impressed you that thirty-eight years later you could vividly recall him. John S. Erikson was my father.

This tribute to Father, who passed away twelve years ago, and would have been 94 on March 1st, the night of your sermon, I shall always remember.

With personal good wishes,

Most sincerely yours,

Frances M. Erikson

It was certainly an interesting coincidence that on the birth date of her father, Frances Erikson should be in the Peoples Church, and hear Dr. Bradley speak of receiving the key of his home from him 38 years previously, especially since Dr. Bradley did not know of her presence in the audience.

* * *

On a very pretty letterhead of the Rotary Club of Milwaukee, whose motto is "Service Above Self," comes the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It would be hard for me to express to you how wonderful your talk was last Tuesday. I know it will interest you to know that for the first time in the history of our Rotary Club your talk was recorded, and we sent out 102 copies to absentees. I am sending you a copy of the talk as it was recorded, thinking you might be interested in seeing it. I am sure we were all helped by it.

With very best personal regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Loring T. Hammond, President.

Certainly the Rotary Club did a "Service Above Self" in seeing that all the absent members received a copy of Dr. Bradley's talk. Can you not hear some member say to himself: "Serves them right to miss the talk if they couldn't come out!" But, no, the Club thought: "It's good for them, so let's see that they get it." One just can't lose by giving! The service helps the giver. Good for the Rotary Club!

* * *

Dr. Morris A. Gutstein, Rabbi of Congregation Shaare Tikvah, at 5800 N. Kimball Avenue, wrote Dr. Bradley as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It certainly was a treat to have you on pulpit last Friday evening.

I cannot begin to tell you how much everyone enjoyed your address and how much I personally appreciated your message. Not only was it profound in thought, but it was deeply significant and vital to our thinking and conduct. Living in an age of materialism as we do, with the fear and dread of war and the scientific robots that threaten the world, a message of true

faith in religion such as yours was indeed helpful.

May God bless you and give you health and strength to carry on and to continue to preach religious faith and ethical and moral conduct amongst our people in America.

With all good wishes,

Cordially yours,

Morris A. Gutstein.

* * *

And now, popping out of the Mail Bag, is a letter from Atlanta, Georgia, from our former Usher and friend of the church, Victor Miller and his wife, Selma Miller:

My dear Friend and Pastor:

Received your letter this morning, congratulating my wife and I on our 51 years of marriage. I cannot tell you in words how much this meant to both of us. When you reach our age every thoughtful act and kindness means so much; just to know that you are remembered.

We know what a busy and useful life you lead, and for you to take the time and to remember our 51st anniversary is something to keep and hold in our memory book as something worth more than money can buy.

We also have had a very mild winter and we have now a lot of flowers and shrubs in bloom. A lot of daffodils and jonquils are in full bloom in our yard; also yellow jasmine and flowering quince. Our azalea plants have a lot of buds and will soon be out in all their glory; very soon there will be the dogwood, pansies and roses. I feel that one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth.

My wife and I had the flu this last January, but are once again hale and hearty and glad to be alive so we can enjoy this coming Spring in beautiful Atlanta.

We hope to meet you this Fall and be able to shake your hand and tell you face to face the love we have for you and our beloved Church. I will write you again in a few weeks. Best regards to Mrs. Bradley, and thanks again, from

Your friends,

Victor and Selma Miller.

* * *

If you know anyone who has a table television set they could spare to help Mr. Adams give some Easter cheer to a man who lies in bed all day suffering with arthritic pain, I know you will let the Church office know about it.

On this 29th Anniversary of publishing The Liberalist, let us resolve to do all we can to increase its circulation. How about making it an Easter gift to some appreciative friend. A Happy Easter to you!

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS, ANADA COSGROVE!

Members of The Peoples Church have always been delighted on the many occasions when Miss Anada Cosgrove of our Church School and of our Choir has generously given of her time and singing talent at various events in the life of our church.

We are so happy to hear the good news that Miss Cosgrove has won a scholarship at the Pennsylvania College of Music. It is especially to her credit that she won it singing the difficult "Lakme." She will begin her studies there this summer.

The very best of luck to you, Anada, in your chosen career.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

FEBRUARY

1—Two Services, Peoples Church. Two Christenings.
2—Two Funerals.
4—Funeral.
Conference re Commission on Human Relations.
Meeting. Commission on Human Relations.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
5—Address, State Convention, Wisconsin Retail Hardware Convention, Auditorium, Milwaukee.
Address. Old Timers Baseball Association, Grand Ballroom, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
8—Race Relations Sunday.
Two Services, Peoples Church.
9—Meeting of Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
10—Funeral.
11—Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
12—Address, Scottish Rite Masonic Temple, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
13—Ordination Sermon for John Fordon, First Unitarian Church, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.
14—Address, Eastern Indiana Teacher's Conference, High School Auditorium, Connersville, Indiana.
15—Two Services, Brotherhood Sunday, Peoples Church.
16—Address, Farm Bureau Federation Dinner, Hotel Savery, Des Moines, Iowa.
17—Brotherhood Address, Milwaukee Rotary Club, Astor Hotel.
Address, Hematology Research Foundation, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
18—Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
19—Address, Father & Son's Banquet, Methodist Church, San Jose, Ill.
20—Address, Lake Shore Club.
21—Funeral.
Hospital Calls.
22—Two Services, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Address, University of Chicago Chapel.
23—Two Funerals.
Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library.
24—Address, International Harvester Co., Supervisory Group, Lincoln Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind.
25—Address, Irving Park Mother's Club, Irving Park Y.M.C.A.
Wedding.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
26—Address, 32nd Annual Banquet, I.W.L.A., Sioux City, Iowa, Mayfair Hotel.
27—Address, Kehileth Israel Congregation.
28—Wedding.
Funeral.

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Elise Burkhardt
Eskild Halkjer
4—Louis Zindt
10—Thorwald Peterson
11—Pearl Brown
18—Robert Winters
21—Arthur D. Craig
23—James Franklin Lane
George Lomax (attendance)
Charles Ion

WEDDINGS

22—Mary E. Mattes and Winston J. Churchill
25—Marion Robertson and James S. Tiernan
28—Mrs. Helen Escher and Joseph Eicha

CHRISTENINGS

1—Maxine Claudia Mazurek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mazurek
Clela Patricia Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chas. Martin
15—Clarence Leroy Frederick (Adult)
22—Joseph George Sauer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sauer
George Sauer (Adult)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, April 13. "Films of Far East," presented by Mrs. F. C. Klemp ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, April 20. Annual Meeting and Election of Officers ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, May 4. Spring Luncheon. Dr. Bradley, speaker ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—April 27 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, April 14 ..... 8:00 p.m.
Sunday, April 19, Anderson Hall, presenting Geoffrey Lardner and Jane Lilli in scenes from famous plays ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave.
CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

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Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

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